

POET'S CORNER.

SUDDEN DEATH OF AN INFANT.

"Though the dew-drop bright
To our waking sight
For a moment is only given,
Yet its sweet to know
That when lost below,
It ascends to its home in heaven."

How My Baby Comforted Me.

It was only a moment's smile—only a passing glance from a soul just hovering on the borders of that land from which no words of cheer from human life have ever come, and yet it was to my soul almost as a message from the dead, and left a memory that will not fade away. For many hours I had held my dying baby in my arms. Not from any thought of further recognition, but for that we had not deemed possible, but simply from a mother's uncontrollable longing to have her child close, close to her in its sorest need. Hours before, the light had died from his eyes, and death's rigidity had sealed his lips. So, I sat clasping him, with what thoughts none can know save those to whom God has given the same cup to drink. I had not prayed that he might live. I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. I believe His love is wiser and tenderer than mine, even for my own child. I believe in the richness and fullness of the eternal life, and that they who go thither when the Father calls them, suffer no loss, but gather infinite gain, even if they go as infants away from all the unfulfilled possibilities of life. And so, because I loved him better than myself—as mothers do their babies—I had not asked God to leave him here with me. I had said *Thy will, not mine*. I had given him up, and was bearing him in sore pain into death, wishing most of all that it might soon end in his new life. Suddenly, as we watched his failing breath, with bated breath ourselves, a wondrous change came over the fixed eyes, and set lips. Back from the realms of death came the almost vanished soul. Almost as if responding to the longing love of the heart on which it lay, back to full consciousness came my baby's soul. The veil of death lifted from his eyes—every feature fell into its old repose. His eyes, deep, solemn, and beautiful as never before, and filled with an inexpressible love rested full on mine. A moment, filled with exquisite rapture, and with a singular communion of soul, and then a long, and perfect smile—one having no trace of the fearful suffering he had borne—no shade of sorrow nor pain—a smile almost as if from eyes and lips already glorified—a smile that seemed to me to say: *Be patient, be strong, there is no ceasing of love where I stand, nor where I am going. I return from Death itself to you, a moment with my heart full as ever of the deepest human love. Again I go down into, and now through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, but I shall not forget this time either. Go your way, and I will mine, and very, very soon we shall meet again, where I will greet your home-coming, as before you greeted mine.*

Do you ask what my soul said in response? Ask the mothers whose hearts have been made strong in other years, by memories as sacred as this, and who have lived their words of consecration. I only know that peace and rest, and thanksgiving from his mother's heart, went with my baby, down through the darkening hours which fell at once, and left no further sign. I know, buried as he is from my sight, he is not dead, but *living, loving still*; and that I shall yet find him again, in patience, strength and faith I follow on.

Bloomfield, Oct. 19, 1872. *Mrs. G. B. G.*

OUR CARCANET.

"By means of friendship the absent are present; the needy, abundant; the imbecile are strong; and, what is most difficult to believe, the dead live."—*Cicero.*

"A virtuous deed should never be delayed. The impulse comes from heaven; and he who strives
A moment to repress it, disobeyes
The god within his mind."—*Dove.*

CHRISTIANITY teaches us the endurance of misfortune; it encourages its votaries to triumph in adversity, and inspires the soul with joy in the hour of affliction.

HUMAN policy never fixes one end of a chain round the ankle of a slave, but divine justice rivets the other round the neck of his tyrant.

"True magnanimity does not consist in never falling, but in rising every time we fall."—*Goldsmith.*

"While all is not lost, all is ultimately retrievable."—*Canning.*

AFTER DINNER.

Was William Penn's pocket handkerchief the original pen wiper?
Is a toper and a quart of whisky were left together, which would be drunk first?
SHOOTER says the most thrilling tale he ever listened to was that of a rattlesnake.
"HAVE you heard my last speech?" asked a political haranguer of a wit. "I hope so," was the reply.
"I came near selling my boots the other day," said John to a friend. "How so?" "Well, I had them half sold."
A PARTY on seeing a pencil sketch of the battle of Waterloo, said it was a drawn battle. We always thought it had been one.
"WIFE," said a man, looking for his boot-jack, "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes, I ought to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't."
FOUR SEASONS—Pepper, Salt, Vinegar and Mustard.
WHAT is that which has a mouth and never speaks, and a bed in which it never sleeps? A river.
A LOVING swain in Maine dedicated a napkin ring "To my almost wife."

On returning home from church, little Freddy, who is about five years old, said to his father: "Our minister is a Republican, ain't he?" "I hope so, my son; but why do you think he is?" "Because, when he was praying this morning he said 'Grant, our Heavenly Father.' If he had been a Democrat, he would have said 'Greedy,' our Heavenly Father."

The Cricket on the Hearth.

We propose to set apart a certain space in the GAZETTE to be devoted to the exercise and development of youth's talent, and the encouragement of their imaginative faculties. We designate that department as above,—"THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH,"—because the quiet eventide and the sober bedtime hours when the Cricket's chirping are most frequently heard are favorable to excite the memory, and stimulate the imagination. Let our youthful sons and daughters avail themselves of this opportunity. Write carefully, correct your compositions diligently, affix whatever initials, or name you choose to adopt; but the editors must have the real name of the writers, which may be given to us without hesitation; we will not expose you. When you are satisfied that your piece is ready, then copy it plainly, writing only on one side of your paper, and directing it to "THE BLOOMFIELD GAZETTE," send it to our office at the Post Office.

At our request the following by a modest Miss of Bloomfield, is furnished as an introduction, and a promise of compliance on the part of the young ladies. We hope the young gentlemen will be equally compliant.

PRELUDE.

Summer with its days of sunshine and of rain, and hours both bright and dark, has passed swiftly away; and once more the rich autumn with its harvests of fruit and golden sheaves, receives our hearty welcome.

We too, would yield to you, kind friends, some of our first fruits—the products, not of well tilled and cultivated farms, but of the gardens of our young imaginations; and as we gather them, so we will lay them before you, from time to time, hoping that though you may smile upon our first attempts, you will not despise the "day of small things," and we will all look for better in the future.

Knowing that when the sun of knowledge and experience shall have shone for a longer time upon our minds, we will be able to offer you thoughts of a fuller and more perfect growth.

THE ANTIQUE CHAIR.

A broad old-fashioned fire-place, the great logs burning brightly, the wide stone hearth with the shining andirons so curiously shaped; all rise before me. Shall I tell you what I am thinking about to-night, and show you one of the many pictures "that hang on memory's walls?"

Oh! children, (let me call you so a little while longer), memory is one of the greatest gifts to mankind. Store up in it now that which will be for your profit, and afford you pleasure in the years to come.

Drawing aside the veil which time stretches between the past and the present, I see, as if it were but of yesterday, a scene of long-ago. Evening in the old homestead—a group of loved ones with the firelight falling over them. By the round-table, in his arm-chair, the father reads the weekly paper. In the corner sits the mother, with a sweet content upon her face, as quietly knitting, she pauses now and then, to smile upon the little ones by her side. Opposite is her eldest-boy, busily whittling with a boy's genius, some wished-for or fancied toy. Next to him, a merry little lad catches the thin shavings as they fall, to build small bonfires on the hearth, or hides in the hot ashes the treasured chestnuts to roast for all. In the centre sits a young girl in a low rocking-chair; her work has dropped from her hands, and leaning back, she watches the fitful flames as if, chasing one another, they mount higher and higher. She is looking forward to the future, which alas, is so different from that she sees in the red, glowing embers before her. Resting against the mother's knee is her youngest, the darling of all; with one hand she softly strokes old Pusey, who in her lap enjoys the warmth and cosiness as much as anyone.

All is still for a while, except the old clock with its ceaseless monotone, ticking away the passing hours. When, from under the heart-stone, merrily comes the Cricket's nightly chirp, chirp, chirp—rp. The children listen for a while to the shrill little singer; then one whispers, "Mamma, what does the Cricket say?" and the mother, fondly smiling, tells them the song and its meaning. How, in the bright and pleasant summer-time, he cheerily lays up store for the coming winter days, and provides a snug, warm house, away from the cold stones without. The meaning is for all, in the happy, summer-time; laying up those treasures that, when time's snows fall around the winding path of life, will shed light, joy, and peace. Take example of the Cricket, children, and you will always sing with as light a heart as happy a song as his.

Past asleep has the little one gone, with Pusey's gentle purring for her lullaby. The great clock slowly strikes the hour. "Bed-time, children," says the mother; and soon, with the last loving kisses given, they are far away dreaming in the "land of nod."

Quiet reigns now—the silence only broken by the Cricket's tremulous chirps or the busy click of the mother's needles, as she and the father sit alone by the fireside.

Now, they too have gone to rest. The fire is almost out; and in the dim, fading light, again the veil is drawn over the picture. Hoping that you may succeed in whatever you undertake, I too will say good night.

Yours,

MARIE DE WOLFE.

HARGRAVES & HAYES,
PLUMBERS,
Gas and Steam Fitters,
TIN, SHEET IRON AND COPPER WORKERS,
Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces.

Hardware, Tinware, Housekeeping Goods, GAS FIXTURES, LAMPS, LANTERNS, BRASS, IRON, AND WOOD PUMPS, SINKS, DRAIN PIPE, LEAD PIPE, Registers, Ventilators, Summer Fronts, Grates, etc.

Only Agents in Bloomfield for Boynton's celebrated BALTIMORE FIRE PLACE HEATER, Elevated Oven Range, Cabinet Range, Portable and Brick-Set Furnaces, Spears' Parlor Stove, "The Revolving Light," the most perfect base burning and illuminating stove of the age.

Always on hand, a large variety of first-class COOKING and HEATING STOVES, at low prices, and warranted to give satisfaction. Particular attention given to the HEATING of BUILDINGS. Having the Agency for some of the most celebrated Furnaces in the market, we are prepared to guarantee SAFETY, economy, and perfect satisfaction in the heating of Dwellings, Halls, and Churches.

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In all its branches executed in a neat and workmanlike manner.

Slate and Tin Roofing, Leaders, Gutters, etc. Estimates given. Orders from adjoining Towns—Montclair, Belleville, Orange or Caldwell—will receive prompt attention. Goods delivered without delay.

All work intrusted to us will be promptly attended to, and done in a thorough manner, and at the lowest prices possible.

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BLOOMFIELD AVENUE,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

The subscriber calling attention to his Business Card as above, and thankful for the patronage bestowed for the past 31 years, by the people of Bloomfield and adjacent Towns and Country, solicits a continuance of the same, trusting that a strict attention to all business entrusted to him, will merit their favor in the future as in the past.

JOSEPH B. HARVEY.

Bloomfield, Sept. 1872.

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Front Door and Parlor Bells neatly hung, with or without tubing.

SPEAKING PIPES put up with Plain or Whistle Mouth Pieces, in City or Country, at short notice.

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Pine, Spruce, Hemlock, etc.,

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Orders promptly attended to.

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Constantly on hand the best qualities of Lehigh Coal, which we offer at the lowest market prices for Cash. Also, all kinds of Mason's Materials, Good Hard and Pale Bricks of our own manufacture, Blue Stone Flagging, Curbing, Steps, Sills, Well stones, Drain Pipes, &c. Sidewalks Flagged by special contract.

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Office, opp. R.R. Depot, & at Lock on Morris Canal.

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Poultry, Smoked and Corned Meats,

FRUITS and VEGETABLES in their Season.

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readers promptly attended to, and delivered free of charge.

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Bloomfield and New York Railroad.

		A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Leave Barclay St., N.Y.	Newark	6.40	7.40	8.30	9.30	10.40	11.30	12.40	1.30	2.40	3.30
Leave Newark	Bloomfield	6.57	7.57	8.47	9.47	10.57	11.47	12.57	1.47	2.57	3.47
Leave Bloomfield	Montclair	7.05	8.05	8.55	9.55	11.05	11.55	12.05	1.05	2.15	3.05
Leave Montclair	Bloomfield	8.25	9.25	10.15	11.15	12.25	1.15	2.25	3.15	4.05	4.55
Leave Bloomfield	Newark	8.32	9.32	10.22	11.22	12.32	1.22	2.32	3.22	4.12	5.02
Leave Newark	Bloomfield	6.50	7.40	8.35	9.40	10.50	11.40	12.50	1.40	2.50	3.40
Leave Bloomfield	Newark	7.35	8.15	9.15	10.15	11.25	12.35	1.45	2.55	3.05	3.55

Bloomfield and Newark Horse Railroad every Half Hour each way.

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Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions,

House Furnishing Goods of all kinds.

Choice Teas, Sugars, Coffees, Spices,

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The best Butter the Market affords.

Superior HAMS, Salt and Smoked FISH.

Choice Brands Flour,

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Flannels, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Black and

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Special bargains in Linens, viz.:

TABLE CLOTHS, HDK'FS, ETC.

Ladies' and Gent's Furnishing Goods in endless variety.

FANCY ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, &c.

Floor and Table Oil Cloths,

Carpet, Matting, Window Shades and Fixtures,

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HARDWARE,

Including Agricultural Implements and

Wheelbarrows.

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE.

Crockery and Glass Ware for Sale and Hire.

Fruit Jars, Lamps and Apparatuses, Stone and

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Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Gums, Lime, Sand,

BRUSHES in great variety.

Window Glass from 6x8 to 36x44.

Sporting and Blasting Powder, Fuse, Shot,

Whips and Blankets.

Goods delivered in Town and vicinity,

and parties desiring will be waited on at their residence

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IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

CHINA, CROCKERY, GLASS,

China Toys, Fancy Goods,

SILVER-PLATED WARE, CUTLERY, LAMPS, ETC.

Extra Inducements offered to Country Merchants.

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A First-class Assortment of

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

Of all Kinds and Finest Qualities.

Butter, TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES, Sugar, Flour,

etc., etc. We are determined to sell to the residents

of Bloomfield and vicinity, at prices equally

as low as Newark, and to keep nothing but first-

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A. T. GARDNER,

Cor. Broadway and Bloomfield Ave.

Orders called for and Goods Delivered Free

of Charge, with Promptness.

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PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Together with a full stock of FANCY ARTICLES,

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Prescriptions carefully put up.

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Imitation Rosewood and Metallic Caskets on hand.

White and Black Cloth Covered Coffins. Every-

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PARLOR and CHAMBER SUITS, Bureaus,

Bedsteads, Sofas, Lounges, What-nots, Book

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Bedsteads and Spring Beds